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FINDING ONE'S LEVEL

It is sometimes said in extenuation of the peculiar codes prevailing in college, that such an institution is a miniature world in which it is necessary for a man to find his level; and that by allowing caste and other frivolities to play a prominent part in its life, this finding of one's level is assisted. The fallacy of this argument is conspicuously demonstrated by the fact that the college hero is seldom heard of after he leaves the institution.

As a matter of fact, men do not find their level in college, or anything like it, though they do sometimes get the nonsense knocked out of them. The star of a small academy pales in brilliancy when he comes to shine in company with several hundred other stars of equal or superior brightness, and it is good for him to realize that he is not the whole solar system. But as for encouraging fraternities, athletic competition, and other non-scholastic things to occupy the whole time of the students, that is carrying the elective system a little too far. College men are the only ones who can do much to alter the condition of affairs, however. The undergraduates count; and so do the younger alumni and to a certain extent the faculty; but not people of a previous generation. Each generation must make its own life without aid or guidance.

Let the thoughtful college man seriously consider the tone of his alma mater, and what he desires it to be, and reflect that he, like every other member of his class, has an influence on its atmosphere. Let him understand that it depends mainly on him and on his contemporaries whether the college life of today shall be made up of things which help the student or hinder him in his life's work. The democracy which leads men from all over the country to mingle on terms of temporary equality is one of the great gains of college life where it can be developed; and it is this that some of the larger colleges are in danger of losing.

AN OFFICE INNOVATION

The latest innovation in the strenuous section of New York is bathrooms in office buildings. Naturally, the buildings which are provided with these luxuries are those whose occupants are least in need of them. There are plenty of business houses in every large city occupied by people who would be much benefited by a bath every day before they go home from work, and some of them have no conveniences for keeping clean at home other than a washtub in the kitchen or a basin in their rooms. But the offices which have bathrooms are those whose tenants ride home in automobiles.

There is said to be an increasing demand for baths in office suites, however, and this is a good thing, whether they are needed or not. It will be a long time before mankind in general is injured by the outward application of soap and water.

Luxurious this innovation certainly is. The owner of one bathtub adjoining his office says that he likes to leave everything about his business, including the dust accruing from it, behind when he goes home. He shuts down his desk at closing time, pops into his tub for a refreshing plunge, and is ready for an equally refreshing spin in his automobile before dinner. Such habits tend to preserve health and youth in the business man, and give him more strength for the labors of his exceedingly arduous existence. The old-fashioned type of office-dweller, who sat all day amid dust and grime and cobwebs, at the mercy of eccentric janitor or slovenly charwoman, taking time only to snatch an unhygienic meal from time to time, dreaming of his business at night, may soon become as extinct as the dodo. Let us hope that he will.

BLOOMS AND FOOLS

There are many cynics loose in London. The cabby and the 'bus driver have lost their belief in the wisdom of man over the everlasting eruptions of the Strand, says the "London Telegraph." The gentlemen who sell "extra speshuls" by shouting news which the extra specials do not contain never had any. The lions in Trafalgar Square, monuments of departed greatness, look wearily and cynically upon the present littleness that harangues them on a Sunday afternoon. There are church wardens who have found a bad franc in the plate, and a thousand others who divide mankind into knaves and fools. But the cynicism of all these is thrown into the shade by the monumental cynicism of the flower girl.

Flower girls, of course, are not monumental except by contiguity. They haunt statues—the commanding Sir Robert Peel who presides over Cheapside or the dirty Mercury who brings from Olympus to the less heavenly regions of Picadilly. In theory the flower girl is highly poetical. In practice she is cynical in excelsis. It is partly the fault of the climate. "Carnation, lily, rose," is all very well in a picture or a poem. When you have to sell them in a twentieth century May you do not look pictorial, and your language is rather expressive than poetical. It is hard to be sentimental with a blue nose. There are degrees in the trade. The "button-holes" that cover some square foot belong to a different caste of vender and a different caste of wearer from the eminently respectable carnations and rosebuds of Picadilly. But the young ladies who manufacture for the dwellers in outer darkness jungles of maidenhair and narcissus are not a whit less cynical than the artists among flower girls who dwell in the shadow of Mercury.

They see the vanity of the lordly sex as under a searchlight. And the lordly sex is vain, whether the hat it wears with its frock coat is of silk or straw. The silk hat ponders deeply over the shade of its rose; the straw hat grasps greedily at another inch of green background. It is the same principle, and the same cynicism says when it has gone, "Lor, Polly, there's a fool!" There are many strangers within our gates, strangers with clean-shaven faces and a nasal drawl, strangers also with floppy ties and terribly neat mustaches. Two strangers come to the flower girl and she takes them in. It is all one to her. The American is brisk and brusque, but he pays all the more. The Frenchman is profusely polite, but he pays none the less. They are both mere foolish men to the cynical flower girl. Her chief joy—if she has a joy—is the youth who desires to be made splendid without counting the cost. He is not only profitable, but amusing. Her chief sorrow, no doubt, is her own sex, who have a mean and unscrupulous desire to pay just prices. Her own sex, unlike the mere man, generally buy in bulk, for the decoration of their homes, not themselves. This is a disheartening practice, which confirms the cynicism of the flower girl. A few inches of wire will not suffice to make a bunch of flowers, and the exacting female pays just about as much for a dozen good blooms as man does for one decrepit specimen with a wire leg. Consequently, the flower girl believes neither the brain of man nor the heart of woman, and sits in the lee of statues, cynical and blue. It was a lawyer who said that only fools went to law. The flower girl knows who buys flowers.

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.

With a frail form, with eyes keen and stern in repose, but soft and caressing when the features relax into a smile, a voice that singes the soul when used in anger, yet soothes and softens, like dulcimers' strains, when addressing her friends, the Empress of China can attune herself to every mood and touch the wellsprings of most people who come within the sphere of her personal influence. Despite her sixty-five years, years of storm and stress, age has not yet wound his soft white blossoms around the brows—still furrowless—of Tsu-Tsi or bleached the mellow color of her cheeks. She is the allegory of perpetual youth.

To say that this daughter of an obscure and penniless huckster is a self-made woman, who, by dint of will power and insight, won her way to a throne whence she molds the fate of a people of four hundred millions, is to convey but a faint and faraway idea of the part she has played in carving her own curious career.—Success.

Where They Missed It.

Baltimore Herald—Lieutenant Hobson has made another rescue. Before an admiring crowd he picked up a young robin and restored it to its nest on the high limb of a tree. The ransomers of Miss Stone might have saved money by calling on him several months ago.

AMERICAN PUSH AS VIEWED BY A FRENCHMAN

By M. MASCART,

President of the French Association for the Advancement of Science.

Americans have come to be a fashionable topic in Europe.

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The country has received its true characteristics from its people of Anglo-Saxon descent.

Americans have come to be a fashionable topic in Europe. They have been much talked of in newspapers and publications of all kinds, in a rather unkind vein at first, we must confess, but public opinion has since undergone a perceptible change.

I have conversed with a great number of my countrymen who have visited the United States, and they all agree with me in the conviction that Americans in the North constitute a great people, and a nation whose influence will be more and more felt on the ancient continent.

Upon first landing in this country I must confess that I was not very favorably impressed, possibly from the effects of prejudice. I saw restless people who rushed through the streets as through the halls of a bank, with no other care than business; who do away with idle talk and forms of politeness to save time, and whose only concern seems to be about the number of dollars that the day will bring in.

In this land of freedom a high price seems to be set on everything, public offices, access to the bench, and the stewardship of city funds.

The young go into training in tender years at small trades which enable them to "make money."

The girls direct their own course in the world, receive friends of either sex, and, being without the attraction of a dowry, depend upon their personal gifts and charms to find husbands who have already been successful in business, and whom they are to win for themselves.

The multitude of emigrants who are prone to blend their various origins and to constitute a peculiar race, come in like an army of invaders gifted with unwonted pluck, and bent on making the most of the country without many scruples or much reward for the future.

The country has received its true characteristics from its people of Anglo-Saxon descent; they have imbued it with a spirit of adventure, of profitable enterprise, of independence and liberty. Those who come here with any ambition for success must perforce conform by degrees to the same ideas.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT

The fight against the cigarette for boys, which has been taken up by the local authorities of Edinburgh, has been growing in force during the last few years, says the "St. James Gazette." There is little doubt that one of these days something will have to be done at Westminster, such as is now being done by educational authorities and employers of labor in smaller ways all over England. The Plymouth school board has lately circularized the parents of the children under its care, calling their attention to the growth of cigarette smoking among boys; and at Leeds the school board has sought the assistance of eminent medical authorities in its efforts to put down the pernicious habit. The school management committee of the Liverpool school board has declared in a special report on the subject that "cigarette smoking affects the system generally, and arrests the physical development," and the chairman of the Glasgow school board asserts that the boy who smokes is "not mentally or physically able to study."

From schoolmasters and school boards everywhere comes the same testimony. In nine cases out of ten, says the headmaster of the Portsmouth grammar school, the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker. Mentally and morally, according to their teachers, boys suffer from the cigarette habit. The boy who smokes at school is not only a worse student in consequence, but too often becomes a sneak. "Juvenile smoking," says the chairman of the school board of West Ham, "leads to loafing and deterioration generally; in my opinion, both mental and moral."

More and more the habit is telling in the workshop, if we are to believe the testimony of those who should know best. A newspaper advertisement the other day for a "sharp, obliging, intelligent lad" warned all boy smokers that they need not apply, and such advertisements are by no means rare. There is sound economics in them. Sir James Reckitt declared the other day that he would certainly not choose a smoking boy to do any work for him if he could get a non-smoker to do it, and Sir Thomas Lipton has set himself strongly against the practice as an employer. The experience of Sir Christopher Furnace has been that juvenile smoking "not only causes deterioration of physique, but tends to develop lounging habits, with the result that the juvenile smoker's work is less conscientiously done, and he is lacking in sprightliness and alertness."

The doctor, it goes without saying, is the strongest enemy of juvenile smoking. Probably the action of the local authorities in Edinburgh owes something to the influence of Sir Henry Littlejohn, the city's medical officer, who is one of the oldest public officials in Scotland. Sir Henry issued not long ago a statement of the evils of juvenile smoking which startled a good many people. It is not quite clear what, if anything, can be done to check the growth of a habit which is seriously affecting the rising generation. There are Parliaments which have thought it well to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to boys and to punish boy smokers with a heavy hand; but such a course seems out of the question at present in England. Years ago the minister of public instruction in France issued a circular to all directors of colleges and schools forbidding smoking because it checked the development of mind and body. The remedy may not be perfect, but it is better, at any rate, than inaction, and it does not seem too soon for M. P.'s to begin to think about the peril of the cigarette.

PAWNBROKING IN PARIS.

If the Paris "Tam-Tam" is well informed, there are things at the Mont de Piete which "no fellah can understand." Among them may be instanced an Empire clock pawned in 1835 for £6, an old silver lid pawned seventy years ago, and a bit of lace pawned seventy-five years ago for half a sovereign. For all these things the contract has been religiously renewed every year by somebody. But the oddest of these oddities is a common old umbrella in green gingham of the directory period, in size ample enough to accommodate a Newcastle program, and in value perhaps worth half a crown to a connoisseur. The pledge for this has been steadily renewed for sixty-three years.

Wonderful Progress in Food Science

By JOHN H. HOLLINGSWORTH.

Who would have believed twenty-five years ago that it was possible to prepare food in such a manner that you could carry three good meals in your pocket?

Perhaps no country in the world has made such rapid advance in science within the past fifty years as the United States. In the matter of scientific research the United States leads the world. Almost every day in some part of the country the news of a fresh scientific discovery is heralded abroad. It would seem we have eclipsed the ancients who revealed the lost arts. I am not so sure that many of the lost arts did not belong to the Garden of Eden. But that is another story.

What I want to call attention to is this wonderful, I may say fairylike, advance made in the preparation and preservation of foodstuffs. A number of years ago a gentleman whose name escapes me for the moment laughingly asserted that the time would come when exploring parties would be able to take with them a full supply of rations without the least inconvenience; in fact, they would carry in their vest pockets a day's supply of food. Soldiers would no longer be dependent upon the supply train, but could make long marches without fear of losing the commissary, as the soldier would carry a week's rations in his knapsack.

Well, that dream, for such it was regarded then, has been realized. We now have reached the point where we can compress food products into tablet form. The food thus compressed can be prepared for the table in a very few minutes. And it is wholesome and nutricious.

Soups are now compressed into tablets on a scientific basis. You can carry in your vest pocket enough soup for a company of soldiers. Just think of that.

Our army has used this compound article of food with perfect satisfaction. You know our soldiers are the best fed soldiers in the world.

But who would have believed twenty-five years ago that it was possible to prepare food in such a manner that you could easily carry in your pocket three good meals? And yet that is what can be and is done today. There seems to be no limit to our scientific possibilities. The next thing we know some genius will come along and prepare a coffee and tea tablet so that we can make a cup of strong coffee or tea without using a coffee or tea pot. Truly, this is a progressive country and these are progressive times.

HASH

Senator Hanna has been making hash fashionable, and whether this is a favor to the American people or not, only time can determine. For more than one generation the word hash has been a hissing and a reproach in this land. The hash house is a synonym for the cheap eating-house; the hash party is the big reception to which nobody of any account ever goes, and hash, together with prunes, expresses the utter dreariness of the boarding house table. Senator Hanna has proved, however, that this humble but comprehensive dish, at its best, is worthy the attention of diplomats and statesmen.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the Senator's hash and the boarding house article are probably not much alike either in taste or composition. The one is a work of art, the other is simply the art of working—the boarder. It is unlikely that Senator Hanna's recipe takes in all the odds and ends of leftovers, which have accumulated in the house for the past week. It probably calls for certain definite quantities of fresh and good meat, and vegetables. When a man becomes an amateur chef, that is the way in which he cooks. When a woman attempts the same thing, she usually discards recipes, takes what there is, and does what she can with it. That is why men, when they cook, usually do it better than the average woman, and incidentally their cooking is likely to cost more.

All the same, even boarding house hash has possibilities, for a combination of odds and ends possesses a certain piquancy and flavor not otherwise to be attained. This has been proved by the French cooks, who eschew hash, but delight in soups. On the whole, soup is a safer medium for using up scraps than hash is, because it is cooked so long that distinct reminiscences are lost in a vague and pleasing commingling of flavors. The trouble with hash is that one can usually select and label the component parts as yesterday's roast, day before yesterday's cutlet and potatoes, and so on.

A BOON TO MARINERS

Historians have long been at odds as to the man entitled to the credit of having invented the mariner's compass, but all are now agreed that to Flavio Gioja is due the honor of perfecting it. The little town of Amalfi, in Italy, is just now preparing to celebrate the sixth centenary of the inventor's birth. If not actually the inventor of the mariner's compass, Flavio Gioja was at least its "perfectioner." The Chinese compass, such as it was up to the sixteenth century, was very different from the present one, and was moved by water. Marco Polo mentions this.

But whether Flavio Gioja took his idea from this or invented quite a new one it is his compass that is used and not the Chinese one. In any case, Amalfi has every reason to be proud of her great citizen. He was originally called Gill—it seems—then Gira, and, finally, Gioja. As Gioja he was known as a bold pilot and sea captain. The year of his birth is still uncertain. It is put by some at 1302, while others put it between 1300 and 1320.

It must be remembered that at this period Amalfi was as great on the seas as Pisa, Genoa, and even Venice.

In all references to the subject it is always Amalfi that is quoted as the birthplace of the inventor, whatever may be the real name of its inventor. The town of Amalfi has also a compass in its arms, which compass was added to the city arms after the compass had been invented by an Amalfitan. The sculptor Balzico has made a very fine statue of Gioja in celebration of his sixth centenary. He is represented in the mariner's dress of the period, with a dagger and pouch hanging from his belt, and in one hand he holds a compass, which he is studying with great earnestness. A ship's cable is at his feet. The face is noble and very expressive.—Chicago Chronicle.

NECKLACE OF ANTS.

A necklace of black ants is an article of adornment of New Guinea. The Anglican Mission there gives particulars of one which measured over eleven feet long, and was composed of as many as 1,800 bodies of ants. Three little pieces of shell and a dozen English beads were incorporated into it, and there was a native string holding it together, yet its weight only reached 2 drachms, 2 scruples, 13 grains. These large, black ants make big nests in the native gardens, and the native women and girls catch them, pull off their heads, bite off and swallow the other end, and thread the "thorax."

Too Hot for Originality.

Milwaukee Sentinel—Depew matrimonial jokes are now being revamped to fit Bishop Potter.

THE QUESTION OF THE AMATEUR.

By L. L.

"Art must be a business for some and a recreation for others, and those for whom it is a recreation may take all the more delight in the work of those for whom it is a business."

It is a serious question with a good large majority of the American public whether one ought to be an amateur if one cannot be a professional. In other words, about three-fourths of our population are called on to decide in regard to some pursuit or other, whether they have any right to spend time and money in becoming merely moderately proficient in it if they cannot hope to learn it thoroughly. The mania for knowing all sorts of things merely for the sake of what used to be called general culture has rather died out among us, and there is some danger of going to the other extreme and becoming over-specialized.

Take, for example, the matter of music. It used to be considered necessary for every girl to take music lessons, whether she had any talent in that direction or not; it was an accomplishment. The same was true of drawing and various kinds of fancy work. Nowadays many argue that unless the pupil has talent enough to warrant a thorough musical education it is useless to try to do anything.

There is no use in taking the arts so seriously as all that. In the first place, even a small talent is worth cultivation for one's own pleasure, so long as it is frankly recognized as being only a small talent, and the cultivation is careful and good so far as it goes. It would be exceedingly good if every boy and girl in our land could sing passably well, well enough to join in a chorus, and understood drawing and painting well enough to avoid atrocious combinations of color and design in furniture and houses. Most of us must be mediocre in some things, if not in all.

Art must be a business for some and a recreation for others, and those for whom it is recreation may take all the more delight in the work of those for whom it is a business. The old maxim about knowing something of everything and everything of something was a very wise one.

PROFESSOR BUBB'S RESEARCHES IN VOLCANIC TERRITORY

By F. V. C.

Prof. Isaac Newton Bubb, that renowned scientist of Swazeyville, has written a volume on Mount Pelee and its late doings, thus settling the volcano question forever. If there are any further eruptions anywhere it will not be Prof. Bubb's fault.

The learned professor was made special commissioner by the Society of Universal Knowledge of Swazeyville to investigate everything pertaining to the Martinique disaster. A vessel was fitted out for the professor's personal use and a photographer provided as part of the necessary apparatus. Some sailors were also included in the outfit, because, as Prof. Bubb, remarked, with that severe practical sagacity that has always distinguished him, the main thing was to "get there"—"there" being the scene of the appalling catastrophe.

As Prof. Bubb was embarking he noticed a peculiar swirling of the waters, of which he at once made a note, and which he later discovered was due to the after-effects of the main catastrophe. Nothing of special importance occurred on the voyage to Martinique, save that the professor experienced a prolonged sensation of personal uneasiness, which, by a beautiful system of reasoning, he also connected with the volcanic outbreak.

On arriving before the destroyed city, Prof. Bubb instructed the photographer to make a picture of the scene, with himself (Bubb) in the foreground. This picture is really an excellent portrait of the great scientist from the fact that portions of St. Pierre and Mount Pelee (still going it) are to be observed in the background.

The subsequent adventures of the learned professor can best be given in his own words as taken from his diary.

"I stepped from the gangplank," notes the scientist, "onto an ash-covered ground. As luck would have it, I was just in time for a secondary eruption. I noted that this explosion was evidently due to the escape of gas or vapor at a very high tension. The air was full of large fragments of rock, and the atmosphere was laden with a suffocating odor. I reckoned the speed of ascent of the fragments that were cast upward as at least 4,600 feet a second.

"The time that elapsed between the bursting of the bubble and the crash of the falling masses around me indicated (as timed by my watch) that they rose to the height of more than 15,000 feet above the point of discharge. My observations were made somewhat under difficulties, as I had constantly to dodge the falling masses. My valiant porter who accompanied me along with the photographer, remarked that this caution was unnecessary, as the huge chunks were soft, and indeed one of them of the size of a large trunk fell upon his head and broke into many pieces without causing him any perceptible inconvenience.

"I determined to take the bull by the horns, as the saying is, and pushed on immediately for the mountains, intending to have a view of the crater, if possible, during eruption; a feat never accomplished, I believe, by anyone else. As I advanced, followed by the porter and photographer, the way became, indeed, exceedingly perilous. The streets of the wrecked city presented a ghastly spectacle, illuminated as they were by the fitful flashes of fire that fell from out a superincumbent canopy of inky and tawny-colored vapor. It is unfortunate that no pictorial record could be made of this appalling scene.

"The porter, who, being a native was acquainted with the ground, pointed out to me the direction of Mont Pelee, which had shrouded itself in an invisible garment. Indeed, I only knew that I had begun the ascent by the rise of the land. My companions were somewhat startled at one point by a peculiar rushing or hissing sound quite deafening, which rose of a sudden at our very feet. A fissure had opened in the volcano directly in front of us and indeed, had we taken a step further we would have been plunged into the burning abyss. However, I led the way around this impediment, and pushed on for the crater. At length, gaining this objective point, I looked in, almost suffocated by the gases and with my clothes alight in several places, while I was told by my companions that my face was as black as that of a negro. But amply was I repaid by what I saw which I am convinced will enlighten the world for the first time, as to the true nature of a volcanic eruption."

The explanation thus promised by the distinguished scientist, it is needless to say, is contained in his luminous and exhaustive work referred to, which it is not intended to discuss here. All the scientific world are engaged in a general controversy over Prof. Bubb's observations and conclusions, and the public has, at last, something really worth reading.

FROM ONE LONG DEAD.

What! You here in the moonlight and thinking of me?
Is it you, O my comrade, who laughed at my jest?
But you wept when I told you I longed to be free,
And you mourned for awhile when they laid me at rest.

I've been dead all these years! and tonight in your heart
There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips—
It's my face in the moonlight that gives you a start,
It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!

Yes, I'm young—oh, so young!—and so little I know!
A mere child that is learning to walk and to run;
While I grasp at the shadows that wave to and fro
I am dazzled a bit by the light of the sun.

I am learning the lesson, I try to grow wise,
But at night I am baffled and worn by the strife;
I am humbled, and then there's an impulse to rise,
And a voice whispers, "Onward and win! This is Life!"

And the Force that is drawing me up to the Height,
That inspires me and thrills me—each day a new birth,
Is the Force that to Chaos said, "Let there be Light!"
And it gave us sweet glimpses of Heaven on Earth.

—Egbert Bridges, in the "Baltimore Sun."

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN.

Physical culture used to be regarded as extraneous to the college course, writes Louisa Smith in "Success." It was a specialization like music or china painting, and was merely a decorative bit in the curriculum, put there for those who might care to take it. It stood, in relation to the present meaning of the course, about the same as did the white flannel gymnasium suits, which the girls used to employ their fancy in devising, to sensible dark blue and dark red garments now selected for hard use in a well-equipped gymnasium.

In a word, from being regarded as an amusement, a diversion, or a sort of accomplishment, physical culture in young women's colleges and in schools has crept into the curriculum, and very firmly established itself. A few years ago it was nearly always optional, and one physical culture teacher was engaged to "be there" when some few pupils should arrive whose parents had specified that their daughters were to take this work in the gymnasium. The instruction, consisting of pretty fancy drills and marches and dance steps, was given to those who wished to take it, and they were excused from the lesson on the slightest pretext. Gradually, as the necessity for physical culture began to appear to a few heads of institutions, the work was required for an hour or two hours a week, but only in the freshman and sophomore years. At the present time, in Bryn Mawr, for instance, a student must have taken the required amount of physical exercise during the four college years before she may receive her degree.